INDIVIDUALITIES

Herr Krupp, the gunmaker, has the largest income of any manufacturer in Europe.

Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, has at length given up his American birthright for a British naturalization certificate.

Mrs. Hetty Green in a recent interview said: "The idea that the way to financial success is a hard one is all wrong. The road is not rough. It is easy to find and to travel. People look for it in out-of-the-way places and so miss it."

In a speech just before open hostilities began in South Africa Gen. Joubert referred to Joseph Chamberlain as "the wicked Naaman." The English soldiers at the front have taken this up and so name the home secretary.

It is said that Admiral Dewey's son receives a sample every time an article named for Dewey is put on the market, whether it be a cravat, a collar, a hat, a cigar, a brand of whisky or anything else. He has decorated his room with these samples, and it is probably the most remarkably decorated room in America.

We Ting Fang, the first Chinese minister to America able to converse in English, has already begun to pay the penalty for such knowledge. He has been interviewed by a reporter concerning his opinion of American women, and, being as yet a stranger to the particular brand of diplomacy needed in such cases, he said that "gentleness is not an American quality," and that he prefers the women of China to those of this country.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S BRIDE.

She greatly resembles her brother, John R. McLean.

She is the widow of the late Brig. Gen. William B. Hazen.

She did not have a photograph of herself to give to the press.

She is possessed of graceful and cordial manners and a brilliant mind.

She became a Catholic three years ago. Her father was a stanch Presbyterian.

She is a good Latin scholar and has had the advantages of a superior education.

She first met Commodore Dewey when she was visiting Washington as Miss Mildred McLean.

She is rich, having inherited money from her father, who founded the Cincinnati Enquirer.

She has a perfect figure, is tall, has blue eyes and dark hair. Her complexion is clear and rosy.

She is a brilliant conversationalist and is fond of entertaining. She has been a great social favorite in Washington.

She is the daughter of Mrs. Washington McLean, the widow of Washington McLean, of Cincinnati, and is 43 years of age.

She is the original of the mysterious photograph which graced Admiral Dewey's cabin—about which there has been so much speculation.

She has been courted by Gen. Schofield, ex-Secretary Herbert, and recently Gen. Corbin has been seeking Cupid's aid in his suit for her hand.

A. F. OF L. MEETING.

Ballots to Be Used Independently of Political Parties.

THE OTHER RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The Election of Senators by Popular Vote Urged—A National Law for Reducing the Hours of Labor Favored.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 18.—A resolution recommending members of labor bodies to use their election ballots independently of the predominating political parties was adopted yesterday afternoon by the American Federation of Labor, after first eliminating a declaration of suspicion against labor men who might advocate the interests of the present political parties. A provision for submitting the question to a referendum vote of all the affiliated organizations was also stricken out. Considerable of the time of the afternoon session which was the only one held yesterday, was occupied by the discussion of a movement to more clearly define the working duties of the respective crafts, in order to avoid conflicts which exist between the organizations whose working in the respective callings is more or less allied and interwoven. The resolution for independent political action, as amended in committee and adopted, reads as follows:

"Whereas, The various reports submitted to our trade union officials are in effect that so far as our efforts by petitions and interviews with the legislatures of the varius states and the federal government are concerned, little has been accomplished by the above mentioned methods; for, where a so-called labor law is passed, it is either declared unconstitutional by the court or allowed to remain, until enforced, a dead letter on the statute books.

"Resolved, That this federation recommends that the various central and local bodies of labor in the United States take steps to use their ballots, their political power, on independent lines, as enunciated in the principles and declarations of the American Federation of Labor."

A resolution urging all union labor men to more clearly define their craftsmen's duties was warmly argued upon as being one of the most important and pressing questions before the world of labor. Among the speakers was P. J. McGuire. He held that the resolution was insufficient to cover the matter, since it contained nothing to prevent trades organizations from claiming jurisdiction over branches of employes not strictly of their own calling. He doubted whether the question could be settled by the convention. Secretary Frank Morrison deprecated the idea of the convention trying to dictate where the work of various crafts began and ended. The resolution was referred to the committee on organization, pending reports from the grievance committee as to similar troubles.

A question along the same lines was brought forward in reporting a resolution acknowledging paper hanging as a spearate trade from the painters. Non-concurrence was the committee's recommendation. Speeches were made in favor of specializing the paperhangers and granting them a federation charter which should free them from any denomination of the painters. The latter contended that the two crafts ought to continue united in one labor organization. The discussion of this lasted past adjournment hour and the convention, by a close vote, refused to remain in session longer.

During the afternoon action was unanimously taken toward bridging the chasm between the rival painters' organizations. The executive council was directed to call a joint convention of the two belligerents within six months, and a special committee of three, to be appointed, to act with the joint meeting and finally settle the questions on which they have failed to agree, a new charter to be issued to the new national and the charter of the present federated body to be revoked immediately after the joint meeting. Other resolutions were adopted as follows: Approving Cleveland clerks' shorter hours efforts and shortening working hours for clerks generally; protesting against the use of government employes (marine band) for private purposes; indorsing eight-hour demand of boilermakers; directing the president of the federation to lobby against convict labor laws; for election of senators by popular vote; asking introduction of bills in southern legislatures by enactment which convict labor would no longer be subjected to lease; directing executive council to confer with cracker baking trusts in an effort to induce them to recognize union labor; for appointment of next mining inspector of Missouri from the ranks of the zinc and lead miners; denouncing anti-ticket scalping laws; favoring a national law for reducing hours of labor; directing that the executive councillors represent the federation at meetings of the various branches of railway employes, with a view to closer alliance with the federation. Several resolutions relating to organization of new bodies were also adopted.

The Brakes Failed to Work.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 18.—A passenger train collided with a pony engine on the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus road Saturday night opposite the Ohio state hospital. Alonzo Saerman and Charles R. Ohlers, engineer and fireman on the pony engine, were killed The brakes of the train failed to work.

XIII.

THE REAL SENTRY.

We set about making our preparations for the day without a word concerning the general's visit. After breakfast Margaret and I went out of the cave into the sunlight and stood looking down the valley.

"How long before our watching will prove effective or useless?" asked Margaret.

"If what we expect does not occur soon, I fear it will not occur at all."

"And I must return to my fate."

I did not reply, but looked gloomily out upon the valley. Turning my eyes to the south, my attention was attracted by what appeared to be a small white dot.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A wagon, an army wagon. I've seen so many of them that I would know one anywhere."

"And there's another," I exclaimed, as a second emerged from behind a hill. "It's a wagon train."

Slowly wagon after wagon came into view, till a whole train could be seen like a white-linked worm crawling up the valley.

"I don't see what that's for," I muttered; "they have the railroad for any transportation they may need."

"It looks as if they were going to use both wagons and railroad," said Margaret.

"You have quite a head for guessing things," I remarked, surprised at her foresight. This was the first evidence I had encountered of Margaret's thinking ability; I was to have plenty of it soon after.

During the day we noticed stray squadrons of rebel cavalry passing northward. A small drove of cattle made its appearance in the south, jogged along over the road, and passed out of sight. Another wagon train appeared, toiled slowly past, and disappeared. Then a larger body of cavalry went by, perhaps 500 men. I watched expectantly for bigger game, but was disappointed. Nothing more of importance appeared, and I gave up my expectation of some momentous occurrence.

When we began our watch for the night, Margaret insisted on taking part.

"Nonsense," I said.

"I mean it."

"Do you suppose two able-bodied men would permit a weak woman to divide a watch with them?" And I stalked away without deigning another word.

Plunk, as before, had the first watch. At 12 o'clock I was awakened and walked to the edge of the declivity to begin my vigil. The weather was splendid, and I was regaled with another view lighted by the moon. I made up my mind to pace a beat like a sentinel, that I might be sure to keep awake. I chose two trees between which to walk, and continued to do so for an hour without rest. Then I took ten minutes off. After that I walked again till three o'clock, when the absurdity of walking an imaginary beat to watch for something that had only a remote possibility of occurring struck me with such force that I sat down on a rock, put my elbows on my knees, and rested my head in my hands. The last thing I remember was congratulating myself that if any remarkable event should take place I was in exactly the position to see it.

"Lieutenant."

"The devil!"

A second time I had been caught sleeping on post. I looked up, and saw Margaret standing beside me. It was broad day.

"I beg your pardon; I thought—" I stammered.

"Look."

Five thousand cavalry were marching northward through the valley. Whoever has seen such a sight can never forget it. Five thousand men and 5,000 horses. First rode a thin line deployed across the road, its wings extending to the right and to the left. Then came a knot of men, the commanding general and his staff. They were followed at some distance by a smaller knot, doubtless the commander of the advance brigade. Then came the line by regiments, squadrons, companies, platoons, the men in the ranks, the officers in their respective positions. The rising sun lit up their battle flags, their guidons, glistened on their side arms, even tinted with a rosy hue the dust that enveloped them. They were moving steadily, but horses will not have the same gait, and here and there a squadron that had fallen behind was pushing along at a brisk trot or a gallop to overtake the corps to which it belonged.

"Margaret!" I exclaimed, springing up; "you have won. There are the cavalry; the infantry will go by the railroad."

As I spoke, we heard a whistle to the south, a rumbling, a puffing, and along came a train. It was loaded with troops. They filled the cars, the platforms; they swarmed on the roofs. With a screech from the locomotive they passed, and were lost in the distance.

Another whistle; another train. This is made up of platform cars. What are those great wooden objects? As they came nearer we discerned the shape of huge boats. And those piles of timber? They are connecting pieces and flooring. It is a pontoon train. They will need it to cross the river above.

"Margaret, the rumor has become a fact. That is doubtless Wheeler's cavalry marching through the valley, while Longstreet's corps is moving by rail. They have left Bragg's army before Chattanooga, and are going to join the forces threatening Burnside. To you belongs the credit of the discovery. I was fast asleep, Plunk was asleep, and had you not watched they would have passed without our knowing it. The information the general sent for, you have acquired. You are saved."

"But why is it so important to know of this move?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Important! That Burnside may be warned. Grant, knowing that this force is detached from the army threatening Chattanooga, may attack the weakened lines, break up the beleaguerment of the Army of the Cumberland, and open an aggressive campaign."

Margaret stood for a few moments looking alternately at me and at the troops below, then threw back her head and gave an exhilarating laugh. It rang through the ravine, then rose, like a bird that sings as it flies, to the very heavens. Then she turned and ran into the cave.

There was something so mocking in that laugh, so keen a relish, such a ring of one who has suddenly acquired the whip hand of an enemy, that every doubt I had ever had of Margaret suddenly rushed back upon me.

What did it mean?

What would now be her purpose?

Would she return with us, or steal away from us to tell our enemy what we had been watching for, and thus give him the advantage?

I must wait for an answer.

XIV.

THE LIGHT ON THE CLOUDS.

For an hour we watched the slowly moving bodies of cavalry; then the ranks began to grow thinner; detachments were smaller; scattered wagons appeared, lumbered up the valley, and passed out of sight far in the distance. Ambulances, men supported in their saddles by their comrades, evidently invalids, followed, the distance between them and the main body constantly increasing. The rear was brought up by stragglers, with here and there groups of army traders, the former devoting themselves to plunder, the latter bargaining, cheating citizens and soldiers alike with pinchbeck trinkets.

When Plunk was aroused and learned that our object had been accomplished by a woman, his mortification knew no bounds. He went about getting breakfast sullenly, muttering that if we ever got back to the command he would give up scouting and turn company cook. While we were eating our breakfast we discussed the matter of our return. Should we wait till evening and skulk through under cover of the night, or set out boldly in broad day? Plunk was strongly in favor of waiting till evening, and Margaret was decidedly of his opinion. I would have declined to listen to Plunk, but was persuaded by Margaret.

We spent most of the day in arranging the stories we would tell on the way. At the outset we discovered one fact likely to cause trouble. Plunk was in favor of always making an explanation that would involve the greatest untruth; I was in favor of mild prevarication; while Margaret would have nothing but truth.

"Lieutenant," said Plunk, "I suppose I must obey orders, but if this party is to travel with no other ammunition than the truth, I must ask permission to go alone."

The general's statement that he had given me Plunk to supply my own deficiencies occurred to me, and I was loath to enforce my own plans in the face of the corporal's opposition.

"How would it do," I suggested, attempting a compromise, "for you to lie like a trooper, and for me to travel on a system of white lies, while Miss Beach sticks rigidly to the truth?"

"That," responded the corporal, "would be like the cavalry charging, the men seated with their faces to the crupper, the infantry pouring volleys into the cavalry, and the artillery firing at heaven."

Margaret smiled. "I'll tell you what we will do," she said to me. "Since you command the party, the corporal can conform to your stories, and I'll keep silent."

"Done," said I.

And now that we had gained all we had hoped for, and had before us the peril of carrying back the news, we made a discovery that filled us with dismay. Private Mellodew was missing. During the day he had seen the rear-guard of the army that had passed, and asked what it meant. When we told him, I noticed a look on his face that might mean incredulity or might mean a determination to be incredulous, but we cared nothing whether he believed or doubted. What he had gone for none of us could possibly imagine. We did not suspect that under the apparently simple, cowardly nature there lurked a malevolence that might be expected only under a stronger exterior. In our position we were vulnerable even from a crawling snake.

However, we wasted no time to see if Enoch would return; when we were ready Plunk brought the horses, and mounting as the sun was setting we descended the hillside we had come up a few days before. We were fortunate in finding a ford at the river, and in getting across the railroad without interruption; it was later on, when we were not looking for trouble, that we received our first scare. Coming to a ridge, we were panic-stricken to see each of the roads leading into Georgetown filled with confederate cavalry.

"By Jove, Plunk! that's going to raise the devil with us. They are sweeping along the refuse in the rear, driving in stragglers."

"Right you are, lieutenant," said Plunk, "and if we don't dodge them they'll be likely to give us an enfilading fire of questions worse than a volley from their carbines."

We halted behind a clump of trees for parley. Plunk and I were for hiding in the woods till they had gone by: Margaret was for breaking up the party and proceeding separately. We did not have time to arrive at a conclusion, for suddenly a body of perhaps 30 horsemen entered the road we were on, at a gallop, from a by-road a short distance in advance. Each recognized that it was too late to do anything but go forward, and we started by a common impulse. Happening to glance at Margaret, I saw her turn pale. Her eyes were fixed on a young officer who rode in front of the coming men. He came on, evidently in a hurry to get over the ground, and when he met us did not slacken speed. I was congratulating myself that he was intending to pass us without a word, when he suddenly pulled in his horse.

"Why, Margaret Beach!"

He turned to the side of the road near us, while his men passed on, halting a few rods beyond. He was a trifle older than I, with long black hair, over which drooped a sombrero, black eyes, and as frank and manly a face as ever I looked into. After exchanging a few commonplace remarks with Margaret, who behaved with surprising coolness, he looked inquiringly at me.

"On your way home?" he asked Margaret, in a tone evidently intended to lead the way to some information about the company she was in.

"Yes, I am anxious to get back to mamma."

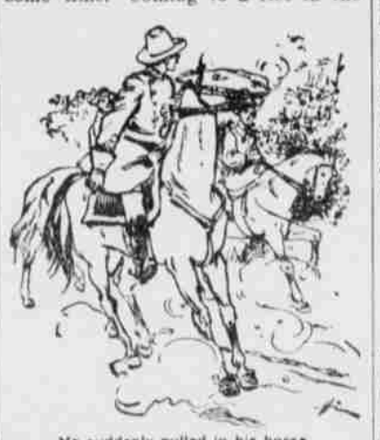
"I am glad you are protected on the way. It's rather a bad road for a woman to be travelling just now."

I have always believed the young man suspected there was something wrong, but was more gallant to Margaret than true to his duty. He bade her good-by, and as he raised his hat with the words: "My kind regards to your good mother," his eyes met mine and seemed to say: "I decline to investigate you, my dear sir, for her sake;" though this may have been supplied by my own guilty conscience. In a moment he was at the head of his men, riding rapidly down the road.

"Lieutenant," said Plunk, as soon as we were out of hearing, "we wasn't prepared for that meetin'. It's my opinion that lyin' is our only weapon, and that I'm the only one of the party blessed with an inventive genius and a hardened conscience calc'lated to take us through what's ahead!"

"You are right, corporal. You may do the talking, and may you be inspired to lie with such ingenuity and fervor as to confound all inquiring rebels and pilot us to a haven of rest."

The road for some miles was flanked by woods. Scarcely a person was on it; indeed, we went so far without meeting anyone that when a belated countryman suddenly loomed up before us, with a bag of meal thrown across his saddle-bow, our hearts leaped into our throats. We passed him with a "howdy," and had the way clear for some time. Coming to a rise in the



He suddenly pulled in his horse.

ground, we were enabled by the campfires to determine the forces about us. To the west, along the route we must take, the lights were few and scattered, but the country was uneven, and there was a certain flaring nebulous light on the clouds which I did not like. I feared a force beyond the hills. But we could neither stop where we were nor go around the light. We must go straight ahead. We passed down to lower ground, then over the crest of the hill. There again, directly before us, was the flaring light.

"Plunk," I said, "there are troops over there; that light looks ominous."

"A single camp-fire would do that," replied the corporal, reassuringly.

We did not dare pass through Georgetown; it was too early in the evening; the citizens would doubtless be excited by the passage of troops during the day, and would not be inclined to sleep; therefore, turning to the left just before coming to the town, we passed south of it around the base of a hill, striking the road again a mile beyond.

We had reached the bottom of a depression between two hills, and were beginning the ascent of the farther one, when we were suddenly brought to a stand-still by a "Halt, thar!"

XV.

A FASCINATING GAME.

"Gone up," I muttered, and my heart sank within me. I was about to reply to the challenge, when Plunk took the words out of my mouth, and sang out, in excellent southern lingo:

"Hain't got no time to stop, stranger; got to git through right off. Ben ter the medical officer of the army fo' quinine; sick man waitin'."

"Corporal of the gyard!" sang out the voice that had stopped us.

We heard some one brushing through the weeds that lined the road, and presently saw a figure coming on foot. By this time we noticed that the challenger was mounted, and we knew that the force was composed of cavalry.

"Who's thar?" from the corporal.

Plunk replied that we were two men and a gal, and repeated what he had said to the picket.

"All right; come on."

I was about to propose that we decline the honor and go by another road, when the madness of such a method struck me; besides, I had promised to let Plunk do the talking; so I kept silent. We were led into the camp, the men being in bivouac, sleeping about their camp-fires. Meeting the officer of the day, he took us in charge, and, not being satisfied to let us go forward on his own responsibility, conducted us to the headquarters of the commanding officer.

We found him engaged with his staff at a game of draw-poker, the party being seated in a tent on camp-stools about a pine table lit by a couple of tallow dips. He was a splendid specimen of southern manhood, tall, well built, with a manly open countenance that seemed incapable of harboring a mean thought.

"Col Archard," said the officer of the day, "here are some citizens who want to go through the lines."

Without stopping the game or even glancing up at us, he asked us where we were from and where we were going. Plunk answered with his story about the quinine.

"I'm glad you've got some quinine," said the colonel, looking at his hand from under the rim of his hat. "I have a lot of men down with camp-fever, and Old Pills hasn't any. Can you spare a little?"

My heart went up in my throat, and Margaret turned a shade whiter.

"Certainly, colonel," said Plunk, without a moment's hesitation. Then, turning to me: "Bring out the bottle, Joe."

"I—haven't—any bottle," I stammered.

"Haven't it? I gave it to you."

By this time I caught my cue. "You did no such thing."

"You good for nothing, forgetful critter, d' y' mean ter tell me you've done left th' stuff behind, after our ridin' ten miles t' git it?"

I fumbled in my pockets and scratched my head. Meanwhile the players were too interested in winning and losing to follow the matter up. New hands were played, and I, who could never look at any game of chance without wishing to be in it, soon forgot that I was making my way through the lines with an important war secret and with my life in my hands. I drew a bill from my pocket and was about to call for chips, when I felt Margaret's hand grasping my arm. Looking at her, I noticed the fright on her face and was saved from my folly, for had I gotten into the game I would have surely betrayed the whole party. As it was, I came very near doing so within another ten minutes.

It was the colonel's turn to draw to fill his hand. He drew one card. Whether the game was of more interest to him than the medicine I know not, but he forgot all about the quinine—at least for the moment. I hoped he would win; it would put him in a good humor, and he would be all the more lenient with us.

I was standing where I could overlook the hand of a lieutenant—a youngster about my own age, with an impassive face. I noticed that he held three aces, and I looked for him to win. I was surprised to see him pass out. The rest kept on betting till all were satisfied.

"Call."

"Show down."

"Three knaves."

"Three kings."

"What y' got, colonel?"

"Full o' tens."

"Scoop." And the "pot" was brushed over to the colonel. I admired the lieutenant's foresight in passing out with three aces.

Another set of large hands was dealt, and the confederate bills began to pile up on the table like the contents of a waste-paper basket. A little betting soon drove all out except the lieutenant and the colonel. The colonel bet $50; the lieutenant who had passed out on three aces called him and won the "pot" on three deuces.

"By thunder, corporal," I exclaimed, "that was well played."

Every man at the table looked up at me. I turned red, then white, while Margaret instinctively shrank back into the darkness.

"Where's the corporal?" asked the colonel.

"I'm no corporal," said the lieutenant, "if he means me."

I was too paralyzed to reply. Plunk came to the rescue. Looking significantly at the confederates, he put his finger on his lips, and tapped his forehead, as if to say: "Don't mind him; he's off his head."

"There's something queer about you all," said the colonel; "reckon I'll look into this. Captain," he said to the officer of the day, "take my cards." He got up from the table and left the tent, motioning Plunk, Margaret and myself to follow him. Having led the way to a camp-fire near by, he stopped beside it and began to question us.

"What's your name?" he asked of Plunk.

"John Rand."

"Where do you live?"

"At Morganton Cross-Roads."

"What do you do?"

"Farm 't."

"You?" turning to me—"what's your name?"

[CONTINUED]